


The
Bluestocking
1917

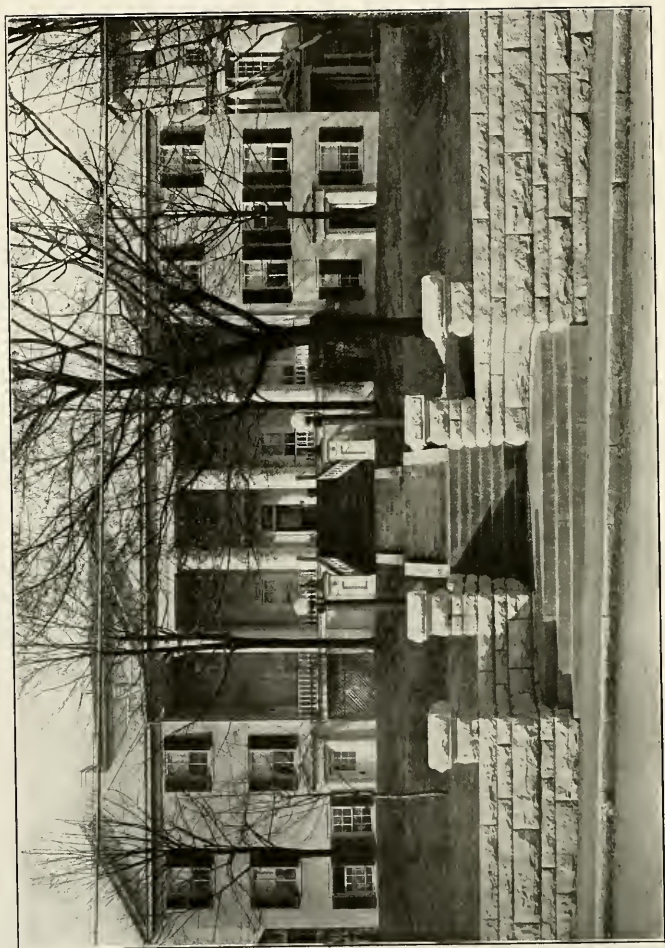






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FRONT VIEW

The Bluestocking

PUBLISHED BY

The Senior Literary Society



MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY, 1916-'17

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



To

Miss Ella Claire Weimar

Our Principal for nineteen years

and to her successor

Miss Marianna Harramore Higgins

formerly our teacher of English

we dedicate this Bluestocking of 1917

in loving appreciation of all they

have done for the girls of

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Foreword

To the students of the Mary Baldwin Seminary we present the Blue-stocking of 1917. As the weeks and months of this school year have slipped by, we have tried to retain some of the good times and to record them in this volume for you. It is our wish that each of you may find something herein that will bring happy memories new and in years to come.



I 'M a little Dutch girl, and I want to
'xplain to you.

That when you turn the pages of this
stocking they call blue,

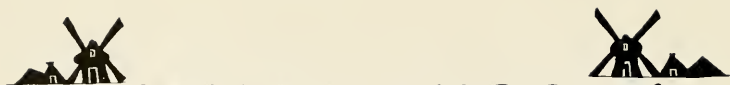
You'll see some little Dutch girls a-scat-
tered all around;

You'll find them in the classes and on the
campus ground,

Perhaps, they're in the May Day scenes—

I'm sure I do not know,

You'll have to look this stocking through
—and don't forget the toe.



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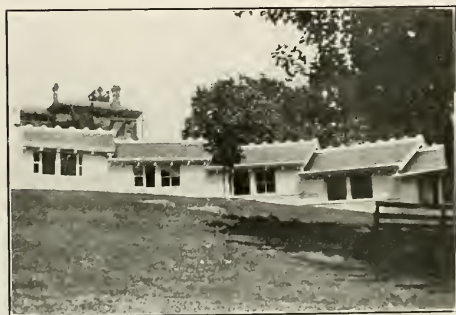


CAMPUS

Garden



SKY HIGH



THE COVERED WAY



AGNES McCLUNG HALL



COVERED WAY



HILL TOP



HILL TOP AND MEMORIAL HALL



MEMORIAL HALL



TENNIS COURT



ACADEMIC BUILDING



COVERED WAY

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Born August 20, 1857

Died January 13, 1917

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Miss Higgins' Message

TO THE CLASS OF 1917:

I am very happy to have this opportunity of expressing my keen appreciation of the honor which has become mine by the joint dedication of your Annual. It is peculiarly gratifying that you, in your courtesy and good feeling, paid the same respect to me as to your former Principal, who served you long and faithfully and laid a foundation for scholarship which so ably met the demands of her day.

I take very genuine pleasure also in expressing to the Seniors and other students of 1916-17 the happiness which has come to me through your unfailing courtesy and ready compliance with my requests. I use the word "requests" advisedly because any other measure has rarely been necessary. I think of each of you with interest and affection, an interest and affection which in many instances began during the years in which my association with the Mary Baldwin was that of a teacher; many of you were students in my classes and a strong feeling of affection was established before I accepted this position, one of enlarged usefulness but, at the same time, of heavy responsibility and serious problems. The prospect of directing the affairs of a large school has become a reality and now we find ourselves near the close of a year, the results of which have been most encouraging.

Shall I speak to you concerning the Mary Baldwin Seminary? You know her renowned past, an honorable history of nearly three-quarters of a century, during which time many fair daughters have gone forth from her doors: some to preside over homes of happiness and distinction, some to enter professions and become useful members of society at large, and others to go to foreign lands in various capacities. Let us pause for a few moments and pay our respects to those exponents of the past, realizing that, wherever social efficiency was required, a Mary Baldwin girl was ready to fill the position. You are familiar with the present advantages: the material comforts, the stately and beautiful buildings and the accomplished and thoroughly trained faculty, ever ready to guide and direct to higher attainments. Do you know her future? Shall we have here a school second to none in the land, a school conserving the ideals and traditions of the past while never hesitating to adopt and absorb all that is best in the present, where scholarship is the watchword and where the transition from winsome girlhood to gracious, charming, Christian womanhood is the highest distinction? This vision comes to me when I see you going about your daily duties, at work and at play, and I say with all reverence and humility that, if I can accomplish such an end, the Mary Baldwin will retain her honored position among the schools of the land.

What are you going to do for your Alma Mater as the various activities of life open before you? Will the real worth of the Mary Baldwin be reflected in your life? Do you realize that your success will be significant of the influence that the training and development here have had upon your character? If you become fine, strong women with a certain blend of charm and grace, of courage and intelligence, you will add your names to those whom the Mary Baldwin Seminary has been proud to claim as her daughters. The Seminary will always follow your career with interest, but may I urge you so to direct your lives that pride may be mingled with interest!

In closing, I wish to thank you for your assistance in maintaining and perfecting all that I found in discipline, scholarship and character at the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

Most cordially yours,

MARIANNA P. HIGGINS.

Alumnæ Association

<i>President</i>	Mrs. Lizzie Hanger-Chalenor, '91 (Mrs. L. E. Chalenor), 848 West Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
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<i>Publication Committee</i>	Fannie B. Strauss, '12, <i>Chairman</i> Staunton, Virginia

The Alumnæ Association cordially invites all the 1917 graduates and those girls who will not return to the Seminary in September to become members of this Association. The object of the organization is to perpetuate the feeling of loyalty to the Seminary and to keep the girls in close touch with the school and each other. The dues are comparatively small—one dollar on enrollment and fifty cents per year thereafter, or ten dollars for life membership. We hope to welcome a number of new members in May.



CLASSES

1917 — 1920



Appreciation

To our patron, Miss Nellie C. Smithey, we,
the class of 1917, wish to express our
appreciation of her understand-
ing and sympathy.

Senior Class

MOTTO

"There is no royal road to learning."

FLOWER

Richmond Red Rose

COLORS

Blue and Gold

Annie Cobb.....*President*
Virginia Wyse.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
Fan Lee.....*President of Senior-Specials*

CLASS ROLL

Nell Baylor	Elsie Kidd
Mary Borden	Fan Lee
Annie Cobb	Virginia Mitchell
Marjorie Cutts	Mary Shuster
Minnie Gray	Nan Smith
Helen Heard	Ione Staley

Virginia Wyse



ANNIE COBB

Durham, North Carolina

GRADUATE IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed, your
sustenance and birthright are."



FAN LEE

Irvington, Virginia

GRADUATE IN VOICE

"Music, and love, and life, are the heart of
all things good."





NELL BAYLOR

Wardell, Virginia

GRADUATE IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"God made a heart of gold, of gold,
Shining and sweet and true."



VIRGINIA WYSE

Staunton, Virginia

GRADUATE IN LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"She doth little kindnesses which most leave
undone or despise."





IONE STALEY

Decatur, Illinois

GRADUATE IN PIANO

"The expression of a nature."



ELISE KIDD

Frankfort, Kentucky

GRADUATE IN PIANO

"The echo of a sound divine."





MARY BORDEN

Staunton, Virginia

GRADUATE IN PIANO

"All was music."



MINNIE GRAY

Hinton, West Virginia

GRADUATE IN PIANO

"Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in
the memory."





NANCY SMITH

Wheeling, West Virginia

GRADUATE IN ORGAN

"And my fingers wandered idly, over the
noisy keys."



VIRGINIA MITCHELL

Tupelo, Mississippi

GRADUATE IN VOICE

"Like the song of a bird in the morning."





HELEN HEARD

Elkton, Virginia

GRADUATE IN VOICE

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving
or more loyal, never beat within a human
breast."



MARY SHUSTER

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

GRADUATE IN VOICE

"With a song on her lips and a smile for all."





MARJORIE CUTTS

Savannah, Georgia

GRADUATE IN ELOCUTION

"Then came the Day and with it Joy!"



Senior Harm

O, Senior, go, your work is done,
The world calls out to you;
Your toil, in truth, is just begun,
But you must prove the faithful one,
And to your trust be true!

For in your life a chapter's closed
With this last year of school;
Of books and lectures you've disposed;
Forget not, in your heart enclosed
Your Alma Mater's rule.

But may remembrance yet inspire
You on to nobler things,
And memories sweet stir your desire
To lift the world a little higher
Upward on Virtue's wings.

O Seniors, Classmates, Friends so true!
Held high in all esteem;
The best that life holds come to you,
And e'er we part, let's drink anew
To the Class of Seventeen!

FAN LEE.

Junior Class

PATRON

Miss Anne Riddle

MOTTO

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

COLORS

Pink and Green

FLOWER

Pink Rose

Gladys Brice.....*President*

Mary Ogg.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

Mary Lou Bell

Jane Kealhofer

Jewell Mears

Nina Price

Junior Specials

Katherine Borden

Emily Burrow

Bessie Browning

Elsie Curtis

Frances Henshaw

Helen Townsend

Mary Porter White



JUNIORS

Sophomore Class

PATRON

Miss Mary F. Hurlburt

MOTTO

"Purpose is what gives life a meaning."

COLORS

Pink and Nile Green

FLOWER

Killarney Rose

Emma Mears.....*President*

CLASS ROLL

Miriam Belote

Marian Denyven

Jean Fraser

Helen Heard

Naomi Sheppe



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Class of 1917



THIS is not to be a *short history* of the Senior Class. If we were to follow the illustrious example of Bassett, for instance, in his *Short History of the United States*, covering eight hundred pages, the history of the Senior Class would be too great an undertaking for any one except one who is well versed in the art of writing. The object of this history is to record the chief events in the school life of the Class of 1917.

Although four of the class were here in 1913, a Freshman Class was not organized, partly due to the fact, no doubt, that our President was positive that she would not be back the next year. But, fortunately for us, she changed her mind.

When we returned the following fall, having decided after one year of work that we would like *some* day to be Seniors, a Sophomore Class was organized, and we felt much nearer our goal than before. We certainly must have studied hard that year, because very little of our time was given to social engagements. However, we had lots of fun, as Sophomores always manage to do.

Not until our Junior year, when the Junior Specials added to the class both numbers and genius, did we really become prominent as a class—even though we may have felt our own importance before. Many things took place which will long be remembered, the most pleasant of which was the entertainment given to us by our patron in February. In April came the Junior-Senior banquet, the coming-out party of the Juniors. In trying to give an adequate description of that, words fail me. Miss Weimar's presence added greatly to our pleasure. The Seniors enjoyed it so much that not one "How much better ours was last year!" could be heard. Many of us stayed for Commencement, probably to take lessons from the Seniors, so that, when we did belong to that wonderful class of beings, we would have a better idea of how the reception of a diploma would affect us. When we left we felt that we would have missed a great deal besides this opportunity for observation, had we gone earlier.

The Senior Class was organized with thirteen members. This was at one time considered an unlucky number, but things have since changed. Of these, three belonged to the Literary Department, one to the Department of Expression, four to the Voice Department, and five to the Department of Instrumen-

tal Music. Having such a variety of talents, we felt that we *might* do almost anything. Our chief enjoyment the early part of the year was telling about things that happened "my first year" in order to impress the new girls with our superiority. But, after a while, knowing that there was a great deal to be done some time during the year, we decided that it would probably be a good plan to work a little as we went along.

In December, Miss Higgins gave us a delightful reception. And again in February we were among the guests at a large, formal reception, which proved one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year. Along with the March winds came the rumor that we were soon to have a Senior Table, something for which we had long wished, and one day it really came to pass. Many were the lively discussions that took place around it—our present troubles and pleasures, our hopes and plans for the future.

In April the wonderful Junior-Senior banquet took place, and then, as never before, did we realize how much more important we felt than we had the year before, for now we were the guests, and this was being given for *us*. It is really remarkable that we did not grow vain, but if we did, no one noticed it, especially.

Soon after this came review for Finals, which loomed up threateningly but they passed by, and before us remained only the pleasures of Commencement. By noon on the twenty-ninth of May we had received our diplomas, and all were preparing to leave for home—our feelings divided between joy and sorrow, for delighted as we were that we had at last accomplished our purpose, there was also sadness in the thought of leaving many who had grown dear to us during our stay at M. B. S.

NELL BAYLOR.

Class Prophecy

Will the meeting please come to order.

It is with regret that I have to announce to the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association, that the members of the Class of 1917 can not be present at this meeting. I am sure, however, that all of you will be delighted to know that each of them has written a letter to the Association, telling very briefly what she has been doing since she left school.

All of you remember Fan Lee and Elise Kidd, who made themselves famous working for Senior Privileges. I will now read their letter:

New York, N. Y.,
May 26, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

We are so disappointed that we can not be with you in your meeting. Perhaps many of you have heard that we have for the past five years been interested in Woman's Privileges, and Rights. No doubt, many of you remember that we received our training for this noble work in the Seminary. The honor of getting Miss Higgins to give our Class, Senior Privileges, certainly belongs to us. We have never ceased to work for the Rights of Women, and as our efforts are bringing about unusual results, we will never give it up.

With many good wishes for the Association,
Sincerely,

FAN LEE AND ELISE KIDD.

I am sure the Association is proud of the record that these two young ladies have made for the Seminary. Now I will read Ione Staley's letter. She has also been very successful in the life she has chosen.

Decatur, Illinois,
May 25, 1927.

Greetings to the Alumnae Association:

On account of the unusual number of my social engagements, it is impossible for me to come to Staunton. I regret this, but since I have seven luncheon engagements, twenty-one bridge parties, and ten dances in one week, you can see how impossible it would be for me to leave Decatur.

As I cannot come to the meeting, I send my best wishes for the Association.

IONE STALEY.

Now, I have quite a surprise for all of you, in this letter which comes from Nell Baylor, in far away China:

Shanghai, China,
April 2, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

How I had hoped to be present at the 1927 meeting of the Association! Perhaps, all of you do not know that five years ago I married Ambassador Grey, and we have been in China for two years. The country is lovely, but my social duties are very trying, and I often long for America and dear old M. B. S.

Although they come from away over the seas, my wishes are for you in your work.

NELL BAYLOR GREY.

The letter I will now read tells of a noble work which is being carried on by two of our girls in the heart of Africa:

Luebo, Africa,
March 3, 1927.

Dear Friends of the Association:

You will be surprised, I am sure, to know that I am in Africa.

Eight years ago Emily Burrow and I came out here to study the friendships of the African race. It is a subject of unusual interest, and we are now busily engaged in writing our book, entitled, "Friends That Count."

I would like to be with you, but my first duty is to finish this book, which I hope each of you will read with great pleasure.

Sincerely,

MARJORIE CUTTS.

Among the interesting careers that the members of this class have had, none are more unusual than those of Mary Shuster and Helen Heard. Their letter will tell you their remarkable success in the business world.

Philadelphia, Penn.,
May 26, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

How disappointed we are that we can not be with you for this Commencement! But on account of a rush order for one thousand cars to be used by the S. M. A. cadets, we can not leave Philadelphia. As many of you know, we are now sole owners

of the Heard-Shuster Automobile Co. We are sure that all of you have heard of our cars, and yet we feel that we must tell you just a little about our business.

The car that we put on the market for \$250 is remarkable in many ways. By actual demonstration, it can climb hills, and go through mud that even the Ford Prize Model can not attempt. Our car costs less, and wears longer than any other on the market. Last year we cleared half a million dollars. Our plant is one of the largest in Philadelphia, and if any of you are ever there, please come to see us, for we are still interested in M. B. S.

Sincerely,
MARY SHUSTER AND HELEN HEARD.

The next letter is one that will make all of you very proud of Nan Smith and Virginia Wyse:

New York, N. Y.,
May 26, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

We are wondering, as we write this letter, how many of you have heard of our unusual success in the literary world. For the past three years we have been writing together. Nan's latest book is, "How to Put the Baby to Sleep." Many of you remember that she has always been interested in the theory of sleep. As a result, she has written this wonderful book. I am now ready to publish my own book of "Jingles Children Love." We hope that many of you will read both of them with a great deal of pleasure.

Best wishes for the Association,

NAN SMITH AND VIRGINIA WYSE.

Hinton, West Virginia,
May 25, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

How I wish I could be with you in your meeting, but it is impossible. I have been married only two weeks, so I simply couldn't think of leaving home. I would like so well to see the members of that dear old Class of 1917, and I do hope all of them are as happy as I am.

Sincerely,
MINNIE GREY JACKSON.

I am sure, all of you will be delighted to hear of the remarkable careers that Virginia Mitchell, and Mary Borden are having, as concert performers.

New York, N. Y.,

May 26, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

Although we can not be with you for the meeting, we must tell you that we will soon be in Staunton. How well we remember the way the girls dreaded the soirées at the dear old Seminary! But we are sure they will be glad of an opportunity to hear our concert. It will be a privilege indeed, for we have performed before the Kings and Queens of Europe. With many good wishes for the Association,

Sincerely,

MARY BORDEN AND VIRGINIA MITCHELL.

Durham, N. C.,

May 26, 1927.

Dear Members of the Association:

It is indeed a disappointment to me that I can not be with you for Commencement. For nine long years I have been deeply interested in writing a text-book for College Algebra. I have tried to make it as simple and interesting as possible. In one week it will go to the publishers and if it makes Algebra easier for College Students I will feel that I have done a great work.

Best wishes,

ANNIE COBB.

Domestic Science Graduates

CLASS ROLL

Lillian Farinholt

Comille Godfrey

Persis Keats

Margaret Lethbridge

Venice Mayson

Marie McKenzie

Margaret Race

Edith Searson



DOMESTIC SCIENCE



DINING ROOM



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

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Annie Cobb.....	<i>President</i>
Jane Kealhofer.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mannie Nottingham.....	<i>Secretary</i>
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Emily Burrow.....	<i>Chairman of Devotional Committee</i>
Jewel Mears.....	<i>Chairman of Missionary Committee</i>
Mary H. Buckner.....	<i>Chairman of Social Committee</i>
Marjorie Cutts.....	<i>Chairman of Entertainment Committee</i>
Virginia Mitchell.....	<i>Chairman of Music Committee</i>
Bessie Browning.....	<i>Chairman of Room Committee</i>
Jane McIlhenny.....	<i>Chairman of Poster Committee</i>



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



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<i>Vice-President</i>	Nell Baylor
<i>Secretary</i>	Jane Kealhofer
<i>Treasurer</i>	Bessie Browning

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Miriam Belote	Frances Henshaw	Mannie Nottingham
Gladys Brice	Elise Kidd	Helen Parker
Mary Harding Buckner	Maude Kitchen	Miriam Pond
Emily Burrow	Virginia Kennedy	Leila Ponder
Mary Carpenter	Ann Lee	Mildred Rav
Annie Cobb	Fan Lee	Naomi Sheppe
Lucile Conant	Frances Litz	Emily Stowell
Helen Copenhaver	Harriet Lloyd	Nan Smith
Lois Crank	Virginia Maver	Elizabeth Toll
Marjorie Cutts	Venice Mayson	Alice Vincent
Polly Davis	Emma Mears	Hilda Witty
Emma Dallavo	Jewel Mears	Lucie Woodward
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To Puck

Puck, you merry little devil,
You have every heart beguiled.
Though you vex and tease us mortals,
Still we love you, fairy child.

Though you fright the village maidens,
Make the housewife churn in vain,
Lead the travelers from the highway
Through a dark and winding lane.

Though you tease some aged woman,
Make her spill her bowl of ale,
Torment poor old wrinkled gossips
While they tell a thrilling tale.

Though you made four lovers frantic
With a little purple flower,
Searching which the globe you circled
And returned within an hour.

Though you never show repentance
For your pranks, but shout with glee,
While you hold your sides with laughter,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be."

You are such a sportive fairy,
Such a quaint and merry elf,
We must overlook your mischief
And still love your cunning self.

Little dream-god, child of fancy,
Come and with us ever dwell,
Lift from weary hearts their burdens,
O'er us cast your happy spell.

Squeeze thy potion on our eyelids,
Merry wand'rer of the night,
Let us, too, each happy morning
Wake to visions of delight.

LUCIE F. WOODWARD.



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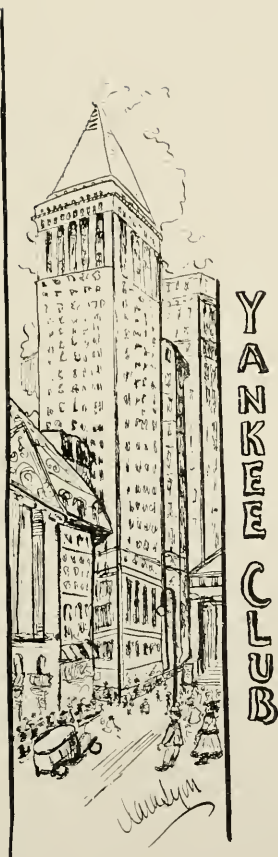
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McIlhenny-

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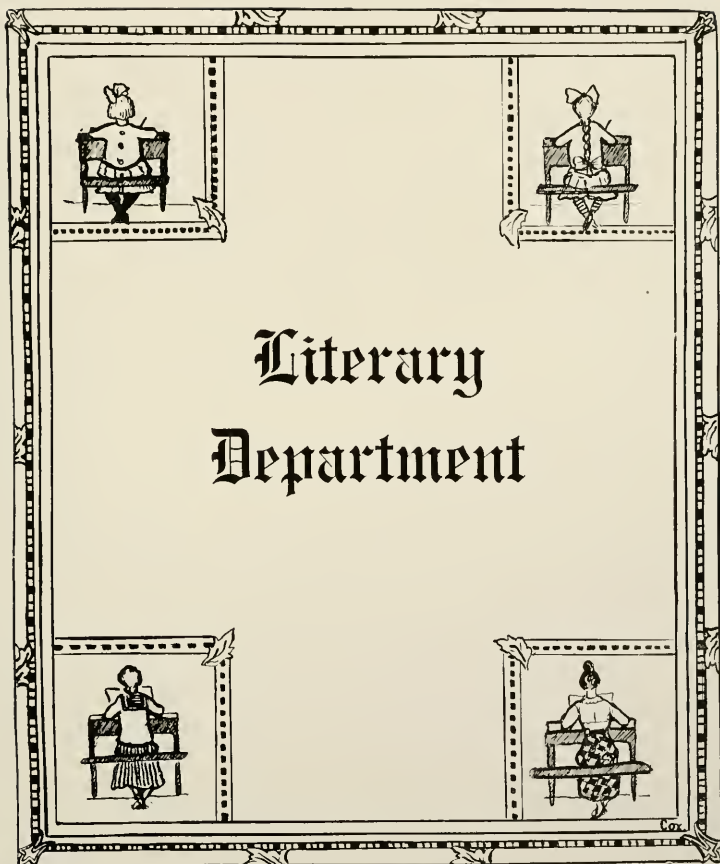
MISCELLANY BOARD

In Memoriam

Frances Rebekah Champe

January 27, 1899—July 4, 1916

Student at M. D. S. 1914-1916



Prizes for Bluestocking Work

For the best short story, offered by the Beverly Book Store, and won by Miss Jane McIlhenny.

For the best school poem, offered by Mr. H. L. Lang, and won by Miss Lucie Woodward.

For the best Dutch poem, offered by the Annual Board, and won by Miss Fan Lee.

For the best art work, offered by The McClure Company, Inc., and won by Miss Esther Ziegler.

A Dutch Legend



HERE were no tulips in Holland when Rudlig was a little boy, or, for that matter, until he became quite grown up. But one never missed them, then, for no one in all the Land of the Dikes had ever seen a tulip. And when they finally did!—but here is the story.

Rudlig was a handsome boy, as Dutch boys go. He was taller than most of his playmates, and his strong, beautifully-shaped limbs won him ready advantage in all the games. His two eyes were like bits of the blue heaven, and in them was all the expression of his nature. Rudlig was a happy child. His sparkling laugh was contagious wherever his work or play led him—in the school-room; on the dikes, where the children played; or by the canal-bank, where he sat with his mother in the golden-gray twilights. And he sat with her nearly every evening now, listening with wide-eyed wonder to the fascinating stories of foreign lands whither the trade of his father led him. All the Van Drüslers were merchants, and it was the height of Rudlig's young ambition to follow the trade of his forebears and see for himself the wonders of these lands beyond his beloved sea. Thus, in the wholesome atmosphere which Dutch children know best, Rudlig grew to manhood.

At last, came the day of Rudlig's first voyage. Then——, for the mother, many months of weary waiting. No word of complaint passed her lips—but, as the days neared the twelvemonth, she sat longer by the canal, watching for the white sail on the far-off horizon, till the gray of evening darkened into night. It was not until the fans on the windmills were gently turning in the early summer breeze that the vessel returned to Holland. The old man was delighted with the results of the voyage, but his health was broken with the long, hard journey, and he despaired of ever making another. During all the hot summer he lay ill, and Rudlig carried alone a burden almost too heavy for his young shoulders to bear. Yet it was his laugh that brought the brightest comfort to his mother's heavy heart and carried the only hint of sunshine into the sick chamber. But when the first chill of autumn tinged the air, the father died.

Quietly, and with no outward emotion, Rudlig and the mother bore their grief. The stolid Dutch neighbors offered their kindest services to the lonely

pair, but the mother, whose only remaining interest was in her son, smiled and thanked them in her simple way—yet repaid none of their visits; and Rudlig was satisfied now, as when a child, with the mother's tender love. To him, this perfect devotion was no sacrifice, since the only pleasure he knew lay in making those about him brighter with the sunshine of his laugh. To all in trouble he offered a helping hand, and for the sorrowing, his sympathy knew no bounds. The mother sometimes wondered at his constant cheer as she watched him relieve a stumbling old woman from a heavy load, or heard him tell a grumbling fellow a funny tale. And so, his sunny nature won Rudlig a big place in the hearts of the people.

At last, it became necessary for Rudlig to make another voyage. When he told the mother, though she smiled bravely at his merry reminder of the old hen whose one chick finally left, she bit her lips to keep back the tears that would come. During the weeks of preparation they both worked unceasingly in order to take their minds off the departure, but not for one moment did either really succeed. The night before the vessel sailed, Rudlig was swinging along by the canal on his way home. A little peasant girl stopped him with a proffer of fascinating wares. He examined the few trinkets in the small tray strapped to the frail shoulders. "No flowers, pretty one?" he asked. She had none, she said, but here was a bulb which her uncle had brought from far over the sea. It was called by the natives there, a lucky flower. Would he not buy that? So, with a laugh, Rudlig exchanged a coin for the bulb.

As he went on his way, a merry tune on his lips, he decided to give the foreign bulb to the mother. Together they should plant it on the morrow, and with its first blooming he would return home. Eager to tell his fancy to the mother, whom he knew would delight in carrying it out, he quickened his steps. Early the next morning, while the flowers were still heavy with dew, they went out into the prim, little garden, and together planted the ugly, brown bulb. They each made a guess as to its shape and color. The mother hoped that it might be yellow—but Rudlig wanted red!

When the sail of the departing vessel was a mere speck on the horizon, the mother left the old, square dock and walked slowly home along the busy canal. Her eyes saw the bustling throngs—but her heart was with Rudlig far out on the sparkling blue sea.

Each day she tended the bulb. Many months she watched and it showed no signs of life—yet she never despaired. Soon now it *must* bloom and bring

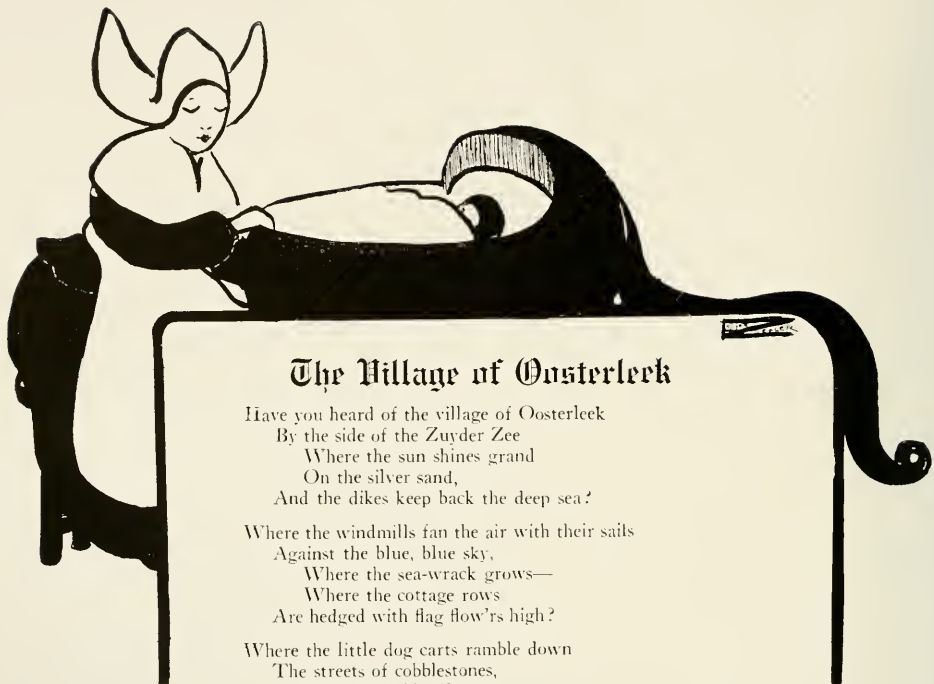
Rudlig back to her! A year passed, and she showed its weary length in her tired eyes and pale face. Yet no day was too stormy to care for the sleeping bulb. At last she fell ill. The brusque, old doctor refused to let her leave the room, but the kind-hearted nurse wheeled her to the garden window on the sunny days and she watched patiently for the bulb to bloom. Steadily she grew worse. One balmy day, when the mother was too ill to raise her head, the nurse found three tiny, green shoots from the bulb. The mother was very happy. "I shall live till it blooms, now," she smiled—but the nurse shook her head.

So she clung tightly to the frail stem of life, but each day her grasp grew weaker. Finally, when the birds were first caroling to the Spring, the bud burst into bloom. But the mother's resistance was worn away, and her life could cling no longer. When the evening shadows fell at last, she spoke slowly. "I have waited and he has not come. *Now* I shall go to him. The flower was true, for we shall meet—though beyond the seas."

With tears in her eyes, the nurse went to the window. There in the garden was the flower, with its regular, velvety petals, standing tall and proud among its stiff green leaves—and the flower was scarlet!

JANE McILHENNY.





The Village of Oosterleek

Have you heard of the village of Oosterleek
By the side of the Zuyder Zee
Where the sun shines grand
On the silver sand,
And the dikes keep back the deep sea?

Where the windmills fan the air with their sails
Against the blue, blue sky,
Where the sea-wrack grows—
Where the cottage rows
Are hedged with flag flow'rs high?

Where the little dog carts ramble down
The streets of cobblestones,
And the chubby Fraus
With shoes like scows,
Chatter in merriest tones?

'Tis there in the village of Oosterleek
By the shores of the Zuyder Zee,
That the little Dutch babies are going to sleep
To the murmuring of the sea—
And the soft winds whisper through the trees,
And the wavelets kiss the shore,
And a sunset rare
You may sure see there,
Like you never saw before.

You would *love* the folks of Oosterleek,
Who laugh by the Zuyder Zee,
For there's never a frown
In all the town,
But they're tender and happy and free;
And the folks will welcome you 'ere you land,
With a welcome that's hearty and true—
Should the chance be yours
To see their shores,
The gods will be favoring you.

FAN LEE.

The Seminary in War Times



IT WAS in the fall of 1863, 'midst the cannon's roar and the tramp, tramp of the soldier boys, that our courageous principal started her bold undertaking. We in these better days can scarcely appreciate the difficulties attending such an enterprise. To provide board and fuel for so great a number at a time when flour sold at twenty-five dollars a barrel, and bacon at a dollar a pound, was a problem not easily solved. All the long summer days were spent in laying in supplies, and by dint of unceasing perseverance, together with the aid of kindly friends, when autumn returned, a sufficient store had been collected to keep the wolf from the door, for a time, at least. The trouble, though, did not end here. The provisions were in possession, but how to keep them?

Staunton in those days was a great depot for army supplies, and was consequently alive with soldiers wearing both the blue and the gray. The former's proclivities for appropriating all the goods and chattels of their Southern foes, especially the contents of the larder, was a fact thoroughly within the grasp of a school girl's mind. Accordingly, when that dread cry, "The Yankees!" went forth, down dropped every book and out rushed every girl. The wood pile, then just outside the present parlor window, there being no other back yard, claimed attention first, a soldier's weakness in that line being proverbial. The girl would seize upon a log of wood, put one end on each shoulder, and off they'd go to deposit it in the dark and hidden precincts of the cellar. Many hands made quick work, and soon there was no trace of a wood pile save a few scattered chips.

By stratagem which would have rendered a general famous, many barrels of flour had been procured, and deep and anxious were the debates as to the safest hiding place for the precious possession. At the suggestion of a bright-eyed little maiden, each girl draped a barrel in one of her skirts—crinolines were then in favor—making thus a dainty dressing table for every room. But, alas! there were more barrels than rooms. Accordingly, the contents of the remaining ones were sewed up in a tick and did duty as a bed. When the tramp of the blue coats was heard, the thinnest girl in school—and it is said she was the only thin one—chalked her face to a ghastly white and got into her bed of flour. As Miss Baldwin ushered a Federal officer into the

room to make the usual search, this ghastly figure suddenly rose up in the bed as if awakened from sleep. The startled officer backed out of the room with a murmur of apology for disturbing a girl so ill. The pretty draperies aroused no suspicions, however, and the flour was saved to furnish food not only for hungry school girls, but for many a wounded soldier lying sick and suffering in the hospital. On another occasion when the Federal soldiers were in the town, the girls hid hams in every desk of the big school-room, not our present chapel, for that was the Presbyterian Church, but the present office and the adjoining hall, then one room—even the stove had been duly filled, and there was just time for each girl to grab a book when the searching party entered. A studious company they appeared, notwithstanding the fact that many of their books were upside down. A little taken aback that the young ladies should show such indifference to their presence, the soldiers, after a casual glance about the room marched out, one of them remarking that the girls didn't seem much afraid, to which he received the prompt reply from a pert little Miss near the door, "What's you to be afraid of?"

Yet not always were their little schemes so successful, as when some of the girls attempted to roll a barrel of sorghum up the dining-room stairs and the head came out! They had this consolation, however, if they could not eat that sorghum neither could the Yankees.

A favorite plan, when there was something valuable to be saved, was for the principal to show the search officers about; ushering them graciously into rooms and halls, up stairs and down, in and out; she took them through the endless maze of crooks and turns, until the poor men were completely bewildered and went off not a whit wiser for their pains, and at one time leaving a dozen barrels of flour in the hall where they had not been taken.

Among other things, there was a scarcity (and I believe there has never been an abundance) of men in the Seminary—in fact, not a single being of the male persuasion dwelt within these walls. As a consequence, numerous apparitions, always clothed in male attire, were seen, and many were the mid-night processions of white-robed figures marched down the dark gallery armed with pokers, tongs, shovels, and other offensive and defensive weapons, in search of the dreadful man, who was never found but once. That once marks the epoch in the annals of the Seminary. The usual cry of "A man! a man!" had been given, and the usual procession of trembling girls, with Miss Baldwin at their head, was advancing down the gallery, when there

crouched against the fence, oh, horror of horrors! was a man. The crisis had come, but our principal, ever equal to an emergency, drew herself up, brandishing her poker, and in thrilling tones exclaimed, "If you don't go away I'll shoot you." The terrified man made a wild leap for life and was lost to view over the fence. It is needless to say that very little sleep was in store for the frightened girls that night, and the kind old 'Grandmother,' Mrs. McClung, had her hands full to soothe their fears, for, as if there was protection in her gentle presence, they had all gathered into her room, spreading their cots upon the floor. This was their haven of refuge in time of trouble; whenever the Yankees were in town, here they fled and here they staid, sometimes as many as thirty in the room, until perchance Jackson would come marching down the valley; then the blue-coats went fast enough. And what good times followed! Such a singing and playing, practicing up for the soiree that was always given to our own soldiers.

How those girlish hearts beat at the entrance of the gallant lads in gray, whose tarnished braid and battered buttons seemed far brighter in their eyes than all the gilded glory of the blue. Thus, with a never failing fund of cheerfulness, the girls bore their deprivations, enjoying on that account their little diversions two-fold, and the years rolled pleasantly away.

Friends, as I have said, were very kind, and sent contributions of every sort. The dinner table presented a queer appearance, set as it was with odds and ends gathered from everywhere, no two cups and saucers alike, here a kitchen knife and there a silver one, while a stately cut-glass goblet was arrayed along side of a heavy china mug; but young appetites are not fastidious, and our girls grew strong and hearty, no matter if butter and gravy never at the same meal, or if their coffee was made from rye and sweetened with sorghum. Sometimes their contributions from kind friends proved white elephants. As, for instance, one day while Miss Baldwin was busy teaching a history lesson—she taught herself in those days, eight hours a day—a loud rap came to the door and a voice cried out, "Miss, here's some cakes a lady sent yer," or what sounded like that. A hearty clap greeted this announcement, and all rushed out of the door to view the delicacies, when, to their consternation, the little urchin opened a bag and out crawled several large cats. The lady had sent a bag of cats, having heard that the rats were bad in school. As there was no means of providing for an increased household, the cats were returned with thanks.

The furniture of the rooms, like that of the dinner table, was collected here and there, no two pieces being alike. As a general rule, these little makeshifts gave the girls no concern, but in one case there was cause of discontent. Human nature, and especially school girl nature, does not change much. A mirror had by great exertion been procured for every room but one, and the unfortunate inmates of that room were doomed to make their toilets without that very necessary aid. Patience at last ceased to be a virtue, and with almost tearful entreaty they begged Miss Baldwin to try yet once again; they had looked at themselves in the water bowl until they were tired, and they did want a looking-glass. Miss Baldwin set out and returned triumphant, bringing the panel of an old fashioned clock in which was set a mirror. A friend to whom she told her trouble had unearthed it from the dust and cobwebs of her garret. No plate-glass mirror was ever received with such joyful acclamations. Yet with all their interruptions and inconveniences these young girls steadily trod the path of learning. What cared they if every girl in the arithmetic class did have a different text-book, so long as they had teachers capable of surmounting the difficulty? And what mattered it if their new pieces, the present glory of the music pupil, were leaves torn from an old song-book, so long as they were sung into the admiring ears of our handsome soldier boys?

—Extracts from Joseph A. Waddell's *History of Mary Baldwin Seminary*.

The Jellyfish

If I had my wish, a pink jellyfish
Is the fellow I'd choose to be,
Adrift in space in the calm embrace
Of a tideless, twilight sea.

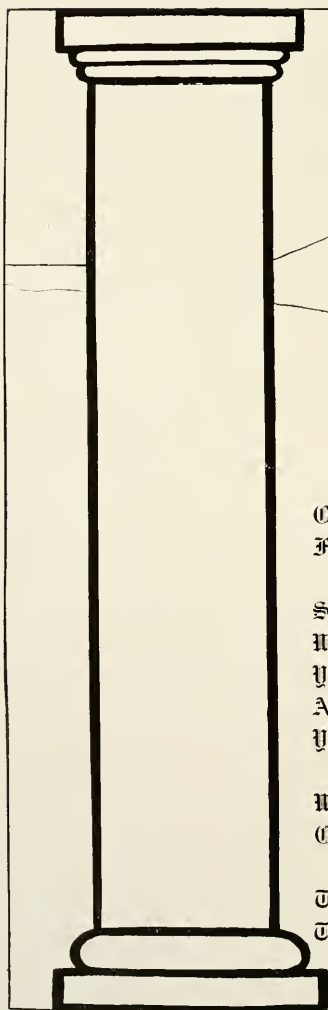
Mid the world's alarm, he fears no harm
From carking care he's free;
Though the sea-gull screams, he sleeps and dreams
So tranquil of heart is he.

When in hungry mood, he gathers his food
As it floats obligingly near,
And he don't have to think where to look for a drink,
For never he lacks that cheer.

No wiser sage ever conned a page
Or taught us deeper lore,
Than this peaceful fool in his deep, green pool
On the sandy, shell-strewn shore.

Then, oh, for the balm of the jellyfish calm!
And, oh, for his placid mien!
No knowledge of sorrow, no thought of tomorrow,
Just drift through the days serene.

L. F. W.



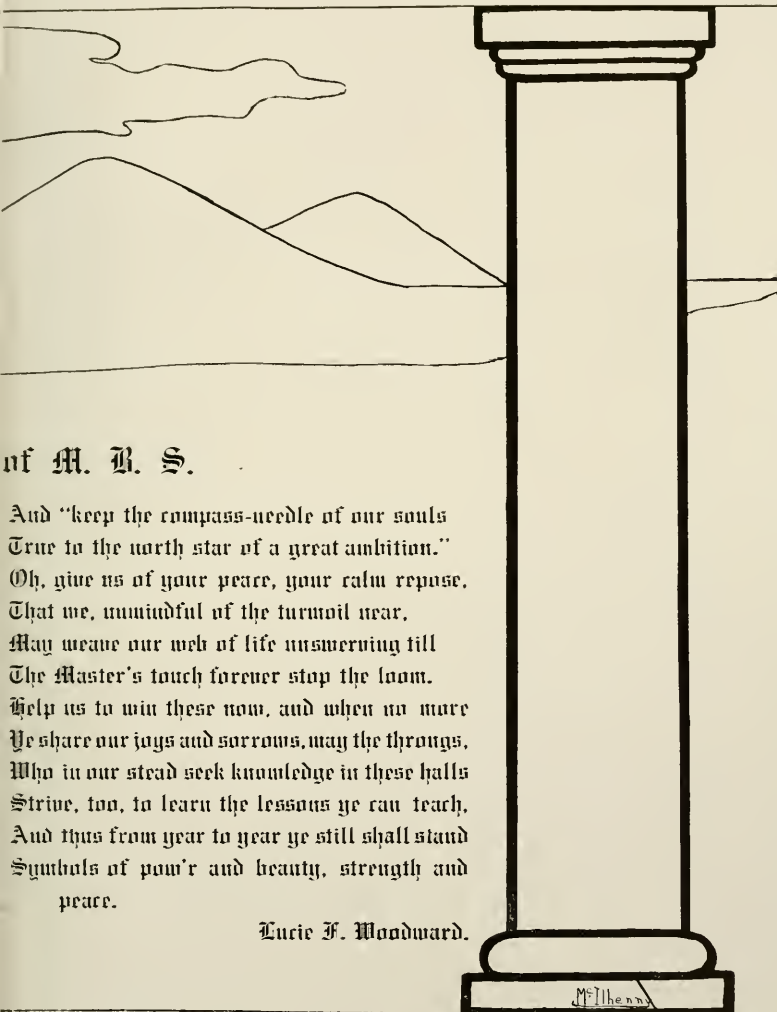
To the Column

Oh, shining column, tall and white ye stand,
Firm through the changing seasons of each
year,

Serene amid the tide of human life
Which hurries past you daily, calm and strong,
Ye guard our portals, faithful to your charge,
And nobly day by day 'mid storm and sun,
Your strength shall serve, your beauty gladden
those

Who pass among you to the work and play
Of school-girl life. Oh, give us of your
strength,

That we may face with courage what may come
To us amid the storm and stress of life,



of M. B. S.

And "keep the compass-needle of our souls
True to the north star of a great ambition."
Oh, give us of your peace, your calm repose,
That we, unmindful of the turmoil near,
May weave our web of life unswerving till
The Master's touch forever stop the loom.
Help us to win these now, and when no more
We share our joys and sorrows, may the throngs,
Who in our stead seek knowledge in these halls
Strive, too, to learn the lessons ye can teach,
And thus from year to year ye still shall stand
Symbols of pow'r and beauty, strength and
peace.

Lucie F. Woodward.

McIlhenny

The Call

Can you hear the song of the robin
 When the soft wind sweeps from the hills?
He sings of the smooth green meadow,
 Starry with daffodils;
Of the wandering stream and the blueness
 Caught from the cloudless sky;
Of swaying trees in the sunlight
 Where leafy shadows lie.
They are waiting for you o'er the hillside.
 Come, while the breezes sigh.

Do you hear the call of gladness
 From the head of the broad highway?
It tells of the joy of living,
 The pleasure of work and of play;
Of the newness and freshness of all things,
 Unfolding 'neath wondering eyes;
Of friendships, true and unchanging
 Though sorrows may arise.
They are waiting for you on the highway.
 Come, for the swift day flies.

HELEN HEARD.



Appreciation

To Miss Nannie Garrett, our friend, we wish to
express our most sincere appreciation for all
that she is continually doing for
the Mary Baldwin girls.





Dramatics

Gypsy Minstrel



BUTLER CHORUS



THE CUPIDS



GYPSY CHORUS



MEMBERS

Josephine Adams
 Clara Blocher
 Mary Borden
 Bessie Browning
 Molly Burnside
 Emily Burrow
 Virginia Cable
 Ruth Campbell
 Mary Carpenter
 Lucile Conant
 Helen Copenhaver
 Marion Dersam

Dorothy Dilgard
 Daviette Ficklen
 Hallie Fleisher
 Mary Garner
 Helen Heard
 Frances Henshaw
 Irene Hevener
 Cecelia Himes
 Elizabeth Kontz
 Fan Lee
 Ann Lee
 Fan Litz
 Virginia Mayer

Virginia Mitchell
 Dorothy Morse
 Mannie Nottingham
 Miriam Pond
 Catherine Ramer
 Mildred Ray
 Consuelo Slaughter
 Mary Shuster
 Elizabeth Toll
 Louise Williams
 Elizabeth White
 Mamie Yates



SCENE FROM "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

Hkulele Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Emma Dallavo
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Ann Lee

MEMBERS

Clara Blocher
Molly Burnside
Hallie Fleisher
Mary Garner
Marjorie Goldman
Elois Graham
Virginia Harriman
Marie Jordan
Fan Lee
Mabel Moore
Mary Primrose
Elise Sanders
Mary Shuster
Irene Snider
Hilda Witty



UKULELE CLUB

TENNIS

OFFICERS

President Eleanor Beckham

Treasurer Mary Harding Buckner

MEMBERS

Edith Agnew	Molly Burnside	Emma Dallavo	Frances Henshaw
Ruth Albert	Emily Burrow	Esther Davenport	Cornelia Jett
Elizabeth Anderson	May Carpenter	Polly Davis	Mary Heath Jones
Louise Baker	Mary Carpenter	Mary Lynn Dobson	Jane Kealhofer
Katherine Baker	Frances Carleton	Julia Edwards	Elise Kidd
Nellie Bain	Gladys Cassels	Daviette Ficklen	Elizabeth Kontz
Nell Baylor	Annie Cobb	Elois Graham	Ann Lee
Louise Bass	Lucile Conant	Minnie Gray	Fan Lee
Mary Boyd	Dorothy Connor	Dorothy Guy	Margaret Lethbridge
Augusta Brown	Dorothea Crawford	Virginia Harriman	Harriet Lloyd
Elizabeth V. Brown	Elsie Curtis	Maude Harper	Venice Mayson
Bessie Browning	Mary Cutler	Ruby Hays	Virginia Maver
Gladys Erice	Marjorie Cutts	Helen Heard	Leonora McCorkle
	Isabelle McGowan		Consuelo Slaughter
	Jane McIlhenny		Geneva Smith
	Jewel Mears		Margaret Smith
	Emma Mears		Marguerite Smith
	Virginia Mitchell		Jeannette Sparrow
	Mabel Moore		Ione Staley
	Mannie Nottingham		Fdith Steinbeck
	Helen Parker		Emily Stowell
	Grayce Paul	Elizabeth Toll	
	Mary Primrose	Helen Townsend	
	Margaret Race	Lucile Thomas	
	Catherine Ramer	Zena Tutwiler	
	Mildred Ray	Alice Vincent	
	Elise Sanders	Mary Porter White	
	Edith Searson	Hilda Witty	
	Dorothy Schuster	Vivian Yount	
	Esther Zeigler		



TENNIS CLUB

GOLF

OFFICERS

President Ann Lee
Treasurer Emma Dallavo

MEMBERS

Josephine Adams	Camille Godfrey
Ruth Albert	Marjorie Goldman
Nellie Bain	Elois Graham
Katherine Baker	Minnie Gray
Nell Bayler	Maude Harper
Eleanor Beckham	Julia Heald
Elizabeth Brown	Frances Henshaw
Mary Harding Buckner	Persis Keates
Molly Burnside	Fan Lee
Emily Burrow	Margaret Lethbridge
Dorothy Connor	Virginia Mayer
Elsie Curtis	Emma Mears
Marjorie Cutts	Mabel Moore
Polly Davis	Helen Parker
Esther Davenport	Margaret Race
Marion Denyven	Nancy Shelton
Marion Dersam	Dorothy Schuster
Daviette Ficklen	Edith Steinbeck



GOLF CLUB



MR. AND MRS. HAPPY NEW YEAR, JR., AND BRIDAL PARTY

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Staunton, Virginia

Student Association

and

Class Day Exercises

1916

Saturday May 27th 4:30 P.M.

Seminary Campus



Cox '16



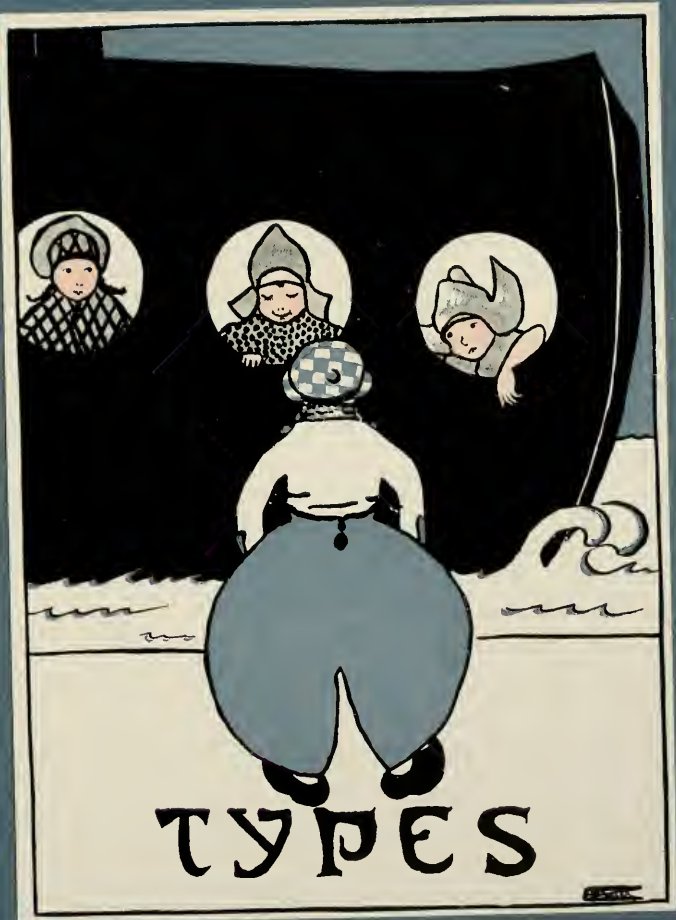
JANE KEALHOFER—QUEEN OF THE MAY, 1916



MAY DAY



ELSIE CURTIS—QUEEN OF THE MAY—1917







SWEETHEARTS





THE FLOWER GIRL.





THE MILK MAID





THE SKATERS





HANS



When Girls Leave Home

Time = Any Day

Place = M.B.S.

Cast of Characters

Any Girl

systematic film corporation





7:30 THE RUSH FOR
BREAKFAST



8'O'CLOCK MAIL CALL



12'O'CLOCK RECESS



9'O'CLOCK READY
FOR CHAPEL



3'O'CLOCK-DOMESTIC SIDE
OF M.B.S.



4³⁰ O'CLOCK
WALKING LINE



5 O'CLOCK
OUT DOOR SPORTS



ANY TIME
DATES



9³⁰ O'CLOCK
ROOM BELL



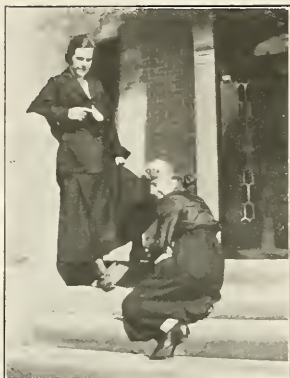
LIGHTS OUT!



THE STUDIO



Calendar



"EATS"



"SIGN OF THE GREEN TEA POT"



FOOTBALL GAME

Sept. 14—School Opens

Sept. 23—Y. W. C. A. Reception

Sept. 30—Initiation of New Girls

Oct. 4—Miss Baldwin's Birthday

Oct. 14—Dance for the New Girls

Oct. 21—The Gypsy Minstrel

Oct. 27—The "Red-Headed" Picnic

Oct. 28—"The Birth of a Nation"
Faculty Soirée

Nov. 1—Black Uniforms

Nov. 3—S. M. A.-U. Va. Fresh. Football Game

Nov. 4—Y. W. C. A. Hallowe'en Tea



ELECTION DAY



NEW GIRLS DANCE FOR THE OLD



"RIDES"

Nov. 7—Election Day

Nov. 11—Dance for the Old Girls

Nov. 25—Studio Tea

Miss Rennyson's Recital

Nov. 30—Thanksgiving

Dec. 4—"Sweethearts"

Dec. 8—Miss Schnitzer's Recital

Dec. 20—Beginning of Christmas Vacation

Jan. 4—Re-opening of School

Jan. 13—"Intolerance"

Jan. 16—Dr. Hatcher's Speech

Jan. 24-30—Exams

Feb. 1—Holiday in honor of Miss McClung's Birthday

Feb. 4—Mr. King's Reception

Feb. 10—Field's Minstrels

"Mrs. Sawtle's Waxworks"

Feb. 16—Miss Higgins' Reception for Day Students

Feb. 23—"Madame Butterfly" and "Alice in Wonderland"

March 2—Mr. King's Reception

March 3—Lecture by Mme. Guerin

March 13—Lecture Miss McKensie

March 16-20—Spring Vacation

March 24—Debate on Woman's Suffrage



"TRAMPS"



"PICNICS"

April 8—Easter

April 21—Junior Senior Banquet

April 23—Recital by Mr. Anton Caspar

May 21, 24, and 28—Graduates' Recitals

May 25—Art Exhibition

May 26—Alumnæ Re-union

Class Day Exercises

May 27—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev.
J. H. Lacy, D. D.

May 29—Commencement Exercises

School Closes

IN THE TOE OF THE BLUESTOCKING



© 1911
WILLIAM L. GALT

What the Names Tell Us



IT WAS a beautiful spring morning, though a trifle Dewey. The little Brown Sparrows were chirping among the Twigs, and the Garden was beginning to let us know it was there.

We Pondered a while before at last, deciding that the shortest way to Henshaw, the Bakers, was to turn to your Wright on Augusta Street. We just had to have some Graham crackers, for we were starving; so Elizabeth Anderson, Adam, and I jumped into Virginia's White Mitchell and Raced over there and back again.

Just as I was about to ring the door Bell, we Heard a noise that sounded like some Guy had dropped a Mellon or something of the sort. So we Stowell around to the back, and sure enough, a Kidd had Slaughtered the biggest Mellon you ever Sawtelle.

During all this excitement the cook, with her Steel Gray eyes, ran out of the Kitchen, leaving the gas Jets burning high under the Bass she was cooking.

The Mayer and the Marshall were coming to dinner, so I thought it Wyse to remind her it wasn't asbestos and might Burnside such a huge fire. She said I gave her such a Payne, but nevertheless went back and turned the gas lower.

Adam had the time of his life, he kept eating Moore and Moore, until it was a Riddle to us he didn't swell Wright up and burst.

He was a Witty little Kidd, and informed us that it had been dropped for Adam's Express purpose, and he also said some other things, much to the displeasure of his mother, who, by way of punishment, made him go home and read four poems of Keats and three of Browning, while he would have much preferred Cobb to either of them.

ESTHER F. ZIEGLER.



"WHAT THE NAMES TELL US"

Jingle

When every morning at half past seven
 We hear the breakfast bell,
We all jump up as fast as we can,
 And rush down the hill pell mell.

Sometimes we haven't had time to dress
 As well as we might, but then
What we must do is to get inside
 Before that bell rings again.

For do you know what'd happen to you
 If you are without the closed door?
'Tis something so dreadful 'twould make you say
 "I'll never be late any more!"

For there on the table are pencil and pad,
 And you hurriedly scribble your name,
For all in the room are staring at you,
 And you have a feeling of shame.

When that same morning in chapel you hear
 Your name called out, it's a shock,
For it means that Miss Hannah would like to see you
 In her office at prompt twelve o'clock.

And then unless you have good excuse,
 To office on Monday you'll go,
And there you must work as hard as you can
 For probably an hour or so.

THE BALDWIN BUZZ

Vol. I.

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY, MAY 1917

No. 1.



NIGHT HAWK NOW IN CLUTCHES OF THE LAW!

Prowlers Around Seminary Under Arrest—Inmates Give No Information as the Dead Can't Talk

Much excitement has been caused by the catching of a night-rover outside of the *Maiden Bastile* on New Street. For many nights a bold, brave man, whom we will call *Gallant*, dressed in a blue-grey uniform, with the letters *S. M.* on his cap, has been hanging around the bars of the *M. B.* after 9 o'clock. All *M. B.'s* are supposed to be in bed by 8:30!

Although last night was cold and chilly, the new moon called to *Gallant*, and he went to see his fair damsel to get one smile, and one word to spur him on to greater things. But alas! The eagle eye of the *W'arden* of *M. B.* was focused on him, having hidden in the shade of an overhanging cliff ready to pounce on the *S. M.*

Gallant, unaware of his peril, went closer than usual, and, after a few words, which made life worth living, to him, he started on. Ah! But he heard pussysteps behind him—his hat jumped up, caused by the raising of his hair—a cold chill gripped him—and then a cold hand gripped him by the collar and a rough voice said, 'Law has you! Be quiet, youth.'

Alack! Alack! He glanced back at the window in time to see his fair damsel pulled from the bars, chains put on her hands, and led away.

Gallant was taken before the justice, Hiram Hicks, and received a sentence to eat rolls soaked in syrup the rest of his days.

The Fair Damsel was sentenced to

spend the rest of her days knitting socks for soldiers!

Within this desk, now put to rest,
Are the books of Dorothy hid,
She went to every meal, while here;
That's all she ever did.

No one believes that an elephant can climb a tree, but anybody can see a tomato can.

The photographer (to Miss Burrow):
"Look pleasant, please; one, two, three!
Now you can resume your natural position."

Miss Ponder: "Is my hat on straight?"
Miss Kidd: "No, one eye still shows."

MEMORIAL HALL FLOODED

Girls Become Hysterical as
Boiling Water Rushes
Through Corridors

STUDENT PROVES A HERO!

Outrageous screams were heard issuing from Memorial Hall at 7 a. m. When aid reached the hall, hot water had completely covered the floor of the bath-rooms and hall. One of the *limited* number of early risers stood on a trunk on the verge of hysterics. A tub had overflowed, and the latch of the door had sprung, making entrance to the room impossible.

Out from the group of petrified girls rushed a student, well known to all the boarders, and after several attempts, sealed the walls and suppressed the flow of water by turning off the faucet with a golf-stick. As a result, hot water is scarce, which will necessitate fewer baths for the rest of the week!



Help the Belgians



Suggestions for Reducing the High Cost of Living

A Daily Menu

BREAKFAST

Toasted Snow Flakes
Eggless Omelet
Luke-warm Muffins
Fresh Caught Rain-water
Toothpicks

LUNCHEON

Chipped Beef
Canned Sweet Potatoes
Pie Crust

DINNER

Ham sliced very thin
Bread and Butter
Karo Syrup

News from the Front

Miss Higgins: "When you're late, you're tardy—"

"When you're not on the inside—you're on the out!"

Miss A. Riddle: "Mary Harding, are you the young lady who slammed your door three weeks ago at ten minutes to nine?"

Locals

An informal feast will be given on the Practice Hall, Friday night, from eleven to one.

Misses Harriman, Heard, and Witty held their Annual Auction Sale in Hill Top February 19th, with delightful results.

Miss Geneva Smith has returned to her home in Memorial Hall, after spending a few nights with Miss Brice in McClung.

Monday has been set aside as a holiday (?) The History students will please report to Miss Riddle from nine to one. Study Hall will be held from three to five. Dinner served during intermission.

The friends of Katherine Ramer will be interested to know that her fondness for washing her hands is growing, daily.

Miss Frances Henshaw predicts freezing weather for the Inauguration. Therefore, she says she believes she prefers her winter coat to her new spring suit (which is delayed en route). Why kidd yourself, Hen?

Several patients are rapidly recovering from choking spells caused by the hold-up of a sticky substance in the alimentary canal when asked "What are you chewing?"

THE BALDWIN BUZZ

Published every century, by
Baldwin Company (Inc.)
Copyright—(out of order)

Manager.....Mr. I. M. Curious
Editor.....Mr. L. O. Quacious
Office Boy.....Will Shirk

Let us now put aside any frivolous thoughts we may have, and consider a deep and serious subject! On the behalf of the "Anti-Demerits" Society, the staff wishes to put before the maidens of the *M. B. Seminary* a suggestion for a big step in the uplifting and purifying of its social standards.

This noble movement is to cultivate a new spirit of "*Fello' ship*" in the school with the hope of bringing about a happier and sweeter life to all concerned. The *Board* has drudged laboriously on working out plans for the development of this cause, and our decisions shall be laid out to the public. The plan is as follows:

There shall be stationed in each building from 9 to 9:30 daily, a member of the faculty with a strong personality! Then the girls will be requested to form in a straight line and march by her—each in his successive turn accepting her offered "*Right Hand of Fellowship*."

Big results are expected, for besides bringing the faculty nearer the *student body*, this warm feeling of sisterly congeniality will permeate throughout the school. It has been hinted at that this plan might even do away with the superfluous noises in the halls at those hours, for, in exchanging these friendly greetings *no words are spoken*—only a tight grasp of the hand, and a pleasant smile are requested.

We are hoping that everyone will put forth his utmost efforts to be friendly with his neighbor, not to mention the complete banishment of all unkind words from every vocabulary.

Look Who's Here!

Biggest Fish (Best Catch!)...Louise Bass
Best Politician.....Virginia Mayer
Gayest Bird.....Jeanette Sparrow
Cleverest Girl.....Hilda Witty
Fastest Girl.....Peggy Race
The Best Poets...Browning and Keats
Most Domestic Girl.....Maude Kitchen
Most Useful Piece of Furniture
E. Davenport
Biggest Stringer.....E. Kidd

A Freshie's green on the surface
A Sophomore's polished a bit,
A Junior's there if there's fun in the air;
A Senior is—"Simply It."
—Exchange.

Baldwin Book Shelf

The Amateur Gentleman
Eleanor Beckham
Helen's Babies
Cornelia and Mary Nelson
The Kentucky Cardinal.....Elise Kidd
The House of Happiness.....M. B. S.
In the Palace of the King.....Kalorama
A Tramp Abroad
Miss Morse with the Line
Sturdy and Strong.....Miss Spalding
The Last Hope.....Mail Call
Seventeen.....Miss Peery

NOTICE!

Hereafter, notice will be given in advance when there will be an absence of teachers at Study Hall, in order that the girls may plan other amusements.

NOTICE!

Walking privileges will not be given out until the list of young ladies deservating them is decreased. A few demerits will fix it up, girls!

Are you too fat? Use my method and lose ten pounds a day. Free booklet upon request.

MINNIE BALL MOORE.

COMING!

Mrs. Sawtelle's Wax Works



Most Notorious Leaders of the World
in Wax—Life Size

L'Envoi

(With apologies to Kipling)

When the day's last class is over,
And the books put away with a smile,
When there's no more lessons to go to
And no more work for awhile,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it,
Go play for an hour or two,
Till the study hall bell shall call us
And put us to work anew.

And those that are good shall study
They shall all their lessons prepare,
While those that are bad shall frolic
And finally end up in despair.
Go study, for surely you'll need it
When school-girl days are o'er,
'Tis then that you'll need your knowledge
More than ever before.

And after the study hall's over
And the stars shine out in the sky,
When the moon's cool beams are shedding
Their silver rays from on high,
We shall put away cares until morning,
We shall rest in the glory of night
Till the song of the birds in the dawning
Shall put the darkness to flight.

M. H. BUCKNER.

OFFICE						
FEBRUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Paradise Lost

Come and see my complete
SPRING OUTFITS

Latest Designs in Dress
Newest Shades in Purple



Mlle. O. Connor

(Hair dressed while you wait)

Want Advertisements

FOUND—"A three-fold view" while
"working out a system." For informa-
tion apply at Principal's Office.

WANTED—Some new function to con-
trol. Elise Kidd.

WANTED—A little more money to pro-
vide "registering tablets" for the Semi-
nary. Mr. King.

WANTED—Remedy for "Cutts." Emily
Burrow.

WANTED—A few privileges before
May 28th. The Seniors.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Five golden seconds while chang-
ing classes in the "Administration
Building." THE STUDENT BODY.

LOST—A Five Spot—by Mabel Moore.
No reward offered, for it is gone for-
ever.

LOST—A black uniform waist. Finder
please return to A. Cobb before next
Sunday. Liberal reward.

FOUND—A Husband—Miss Pacholke.

Society







Afterword



TODAY the BLUESTOCKING is leaving our hands, but before we give it up, we wish to try to express our appreciation and gratitude to those who have co-operated with us in the making of this book.

Especially, do we wish to thank Miss Compton for her interest and wise suggestions, which have helped to make this BLUESTOCKING possible.

We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Sawtelle and the Art Department for the splendid work they have done for the Annual.

We also wish to thank Miss Leftwich for her co-operation in securing the advertisements.

Directory

Adams, Josephine Janice.....	628 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois
Agnew, Edith Judd.....	374 Wadsworth Ave., New York City
Albert, Glenna Ruth.....	21 Park Place, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Anderson, Elizabeth Montgomery.....	409 Whitlock Ave., Marietta, Georgia
Archer, Alice Boisseau.....	Waynesboro, Va.
Bain, Nellie Love.....	300 S. Spring St., Greensboro, N. C.
Baker, Katherine Simkins.....	1135 May St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Baker, Harriett Louise.....	1135 May St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Baldwin, Jemima May.....	318 West 100th Street, New York City
Barton, Lizzie Ella.....	Avoca P. O., Assumption Parish, Louisiana
Bass, Louise Carolyn.....	813 Broad St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Baugher, Iva Clinton.....	1104 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Baylor, Nell.....	Wardell, Va.
Beckham, Eleanor Raphael.....	The Highlands, Washington, D. C.
Bell, Mary Lou.....	241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Margaret Kent.....	241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Mary Highland.....	401 North Market St., Staunton, Va.
Belote, Miriam James.....	Onley, Va.
Berry, Ora Esquabelle.....	R. F. D. No. 6, Staunton, Va.
Blocker, Clara Morehead.....	326 West 4th St., Owensboro, Ky.
Borden, Mary Ella.....	New Hope, Virginia
Borden, Kathryn Yoon.....	Toms Brook, Va.
Bowers, Helen Aileen.....	608 Winthrop St., Staunton, Virginia
Bowman, Dorothy Lewis.....	239 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Boyd, Mary Fraser.....	Potomac Manor, West Virginia
Brand, Madeline Shuey.....	417 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Brice, Gladys Louise.....	Gilder Hotel, Roswell, New Mexico
Brown, Elizabeth Wilson.....	Gallatin, Tenn.
Brown, Martha Augusta.....	1325 Avery St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Brown, Elizabeth Virginia.....	1325 Avery St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Brown, Virginia Katharine.....	1212 Walnut St., Staunton, Va.
Browning, Bessie Hamilton.....	Wytheville, Va.
Buchanan, Ollie May.....	824 West Main St., Staunton, Virginia

Buckner, Mary Harding.....2000 Terrace Place, Nashville, Tenn.
 Burnside, Mary Elizabeth
 Chatworth Apts., 72d St., Riverside Drive, New York City
 Burrow, Emily Robinson.....2407 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark.
 Cable, Annie Virginia.....Markham, Fauquier Co., Va.
 Camp, Harriette Pelletier.....314 S. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.
 Campbell, Ruth Carnegie.....6 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
 Carleton, Margaret Frances.....Colonia Carleton, Sabanaso, Cuba
 Carpenter, Mary Harlow.....Covington, Va.
 Carpenter, Mary Russell.....129 Glenwood Ave., East Orange, N. J.
 Cassels, Gladys Earle.....701 East 44th St., Savannah, Georgia
 Churchman, Frances Crawford.....18 S. Market St., Staunton, Va.
 Cobb, Annie Forrest.....Durham, N. C.
 Coiner, Mary Blessing.....Waynesboro, Va.
 Coiner, Lucie Arline.....Fishersville, Va.
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 Conant, Lucile Bradford.....115 East 31st St., Savannah, Georgia
 Connor, Dorothy Meldrum.....1161 Amsterdam Ave., New York City
 Copenhaver, Helen.....234 East 10th St., Tyrone, Penna.
 Crank, Ruth Lois.....Louisa, Virginia
 Crawford, Dorothea.....7069 Kingsbury Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
 Cross, Lucy Rogers.....Middlebrook, Virginia
 Curtis, Elsie Cooke.....Lee Hall, Va.
 Curtis, Nannie Rced.....Lee Hall, Va.
 Cutler, Mary Frances.....Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey
 Cutts, Marjorie Walker.....121 Gwinnett St., E., Savannah, Ga.
 Carter, Florence Mary.....The Kalorama, Staunton, Va.
 Dallavo, Emma Elizabeth.....353 Fuller Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Davenport, Esther Bates.....Lancaster, Va.
 Davies, Polly Ina.....1423 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark.
 Denyven, Marian.....Raleigh Hotel, Washington, D. C.
 Dersam, Marion Elizabeth.....Leslie Hotel, New Castle, P.a.
 Dewey, Corinne Ione.....196 East Delaware Place, Chicago, Ill.
 Dilgard, Dorothy Magdalena.....Gormanian, West Va.
 Dobson, Mary Lynn.....421 21st Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn.

Daniels, Margaret Elizabeth.....114 Booraine Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 Edwards, Julia Elizabeth.....606 Union Building, Charleston, W. Va.
 Eisenberg, Winifred Virginia.....931 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
 Evans, Maisie.....215 30th Street, Woodcliff-on-Hudson, New Jersey
 Farinholt, Mary Lillian.....Freeport, Va.
 Ficklen, Daviette Corbell.....1823 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C.
 Fleisher, Hallie Stewart.....Renick, W. Va.
 Fraser, Jean Blanding.....P. O. Box 549, Staunton, Va.
 Fretwell, Lula Madeline.....318 North Central Ave., Staunton, Va.
 Fulton, Ruth Givens.....164 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
 Fulwiler, Marguerite Elizabeth.....208 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
 Garden, Flora Jeanette.....Corona, Alabama
 Garner, Mary B.Lewisetta, Va.
 Gilliam, Gladys.....56 Chester Ave., Winthrop, Mass.
 Glasgow, Katharine Anderson.....Lexington, Va.
 Godfrey, Camille Stebins..104 S. Amherst Place, Ventnor, Atlantic City, N. J.
 Goldman, Marjorie Leigh.....2903 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.
 Gordon, Helene Phoebe.....66 Orchard Place, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Graham, Elois Gwendolin.....Crystal Spring, Roanoke, Va.
 Gray, Minnie McCreery.....Hinton, West Va.
 Greene, Anna Hatfield.....Gibsonia, Pa.
 Green, Louise.....1818 Avenue F, Galveston, Texas
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 Grimes, Sibyl.....208 Woodland Ave, New Rochelle, N. Y.
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 Gurney, Bernice Elizabeth.....4274 Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
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 Harman, Evangeline.....Fayette Street, Staunton, Va.
 Harnsberger, Nellie Grey.....218 Fayette Street, Staunton, Va.
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 Harriman, Virginia Jessie.....The Ansonia, New York City
 Hay, Mary Elizabeth.....927 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.
 Hays, Ruby Holland.....Hollandale, Miss.
 Heald, Julia Ellen.....Balboa Heights, C. Z.
 Heald, Lucile Nellie.....Balboa Heights, C. Z.

Heard, Helen Frances.....Elkton, Va.
 Henshaw, Frances Snodgrass.....425 W. King St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
 Hevener, Irene.....Hightown, Va.
 Heydenreich, Jennie Louise.....626 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
 Himes, Celia.....120 E. King St., Shippensburg, Pa.
 Hogshead, Anne Archer.....Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
 Hogshead, Harriet Harfield.....Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
 Holt, Mary Catharine.....230 East Main Street, Staunton, Va.
 Huff, Virginia Moore.....405 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
 Huyette, Vaneeta Nellie.....5 S. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Jeffery, Arta Helen.....The Colfax Hotel, South Bend, Ind.
 Jett, Cornelia Adams.....373 North Bellevue Bl'vd., Memphis, Tenn.
 Jones, Mary Heath.....Lancaster, S. C.
 Jordan, Marie Louise.....Brunswick, Md.
 Kaust, Stella Mae.....4247 Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 Keates, Persis Mae.....1713 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.
 Kealhofer, Jane Pettit.....1110 Henderson St., Columbia, S. C.
 Kennedy, Thelma May.....Montgomery Hall, Staunton, Va.
 Kennedy, Mary Virginia.....646 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
 Kidd, Elise Eugenia.....Frankfort, Ky.
 Kinkaid, Virginia Isabelle.....Hotel Ansonia, New York City
 Kitchen, Maude Houston.....Prospect Place, Ashland, Ky.
 Knight, Helen Lanier.....1073 McLemore St., Memphis, Tenn.
 Kontz, Mary Elizabeth.....612 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 Kyle, Juliet Ruckman.....Staunton, Va.
 Lambdin, Anne Catharine.....De Soto Hotel, Savannah, Ga.
 Landers, Irene Hamilton.....Millboro, Va.
 Lee, Fannie.....Irvington, Va.
 Lee, Annie.....Irvington, Va.
 Lethbridge, Margaret.....18 Glenside Road, South Orange, N. J.
 Lindau, Miriam Charlotte.....658 Chestnut St., Greensboro, N. C.
 Litz, Mary Frances.....North Tazewell, Virginia
 Lloyd, Harriet Grace.....618 Gary Ave., Wheaton, Ill.
 Lockhart, Alberta May.....Manchester, Ohio
 McLean, Mrs. G. H.Staunton, Va.
 Marshall, Helen Marguerite.....1310 Q St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Mayer, Edna Virginia.....Mauch Chunk, Penn.

Mayson, Venice.....274 Ponce de Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 McClure, Mary Alice.....Spottswood, Va.
 McCorkle, Leanora Carolina.....South Side, Charleston, W. Va.
 McGowan, Isabella Wilhelmina.....117 West Pike St., Clarksburg, W. Va.
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 McLemore, Valdar.....Court House, Memphis, Tenn.
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 Mears, Emma Wharton.....Eastville, Va.
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 Mercereau, Dorothy Whittamore.....316 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
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 Miller, Cornelia Urb.....Raphine, Va.
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 Moore, Mabel Elizabeth.....5 Woodland Road, Maplewood, N. J.
 Moore, Mary Wilson.....3533 Richland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
 Morgan, Sarah Gwyn.....Seven Mile Ford, Virginia.
 Morse, Dorothy Dale.....329 Morris Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Murray, Fannie Dunbar.....20 N. Marshall St., Staunton, Va.
 Nottingham, Mannie Willis.....Chesapeake, Virginia
 Ogg, Mary Frances.....627 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
 Olivier, Elizabeth Grattan.....Staunton, Va.
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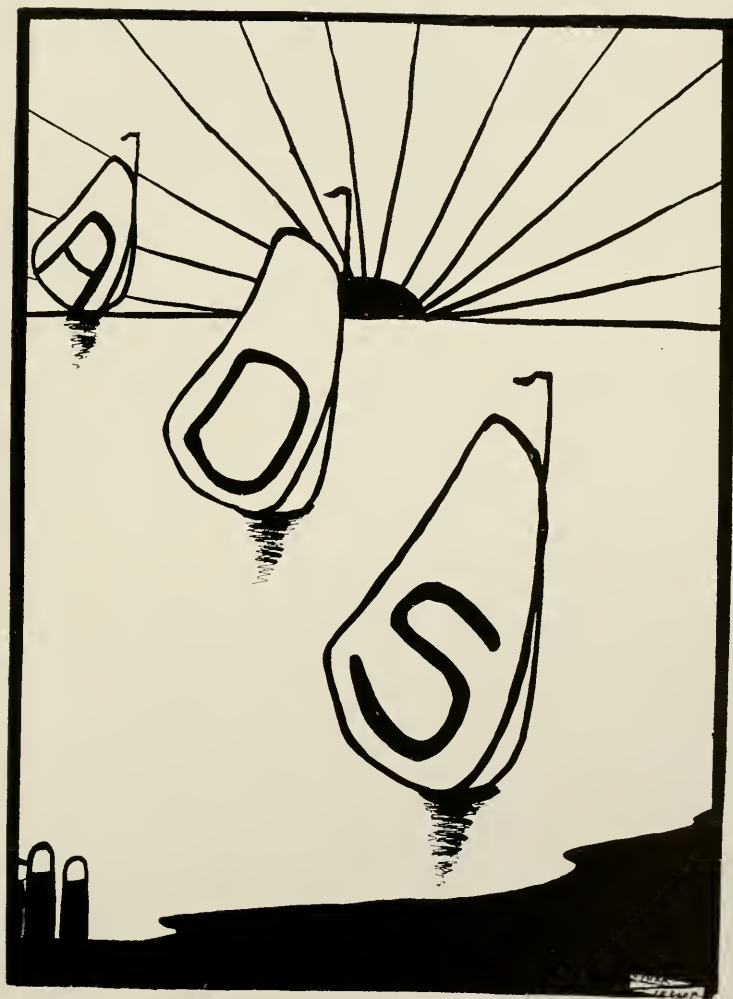
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Resources:

Loans and Investments.....	\$1,498,160.22
United States Bonds.....	110,000.00
Overdrafts	41.93
Banking House, Fur. and Fix....	60,500.00
Cash and Due from Banks.....	234,741.35
	<hr/>
	\$1,903,443.50

Liabilities:

Capital Stock.....	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	290,380.26
Circulation.....	92,000.00
Deposits.....	1,321,063.24
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	\$1,903,443.50

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
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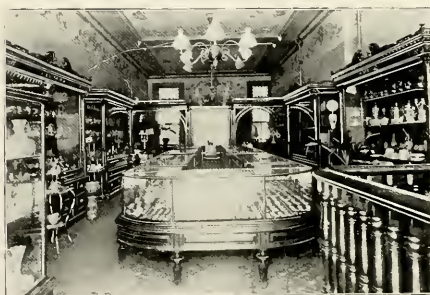
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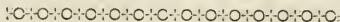
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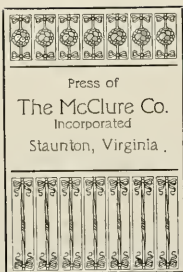
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